

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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YEAR OF THE IMMORTAL DAWN

THE waves of the ocean of time sweep on. The earth has been shaping for perhaps a million million years. Life has been marching on for a thousand million years. Man has been groping through chaos and darkness for a million years. Civilisation has been on the way ten thousand years, and we come to the Year of our Lord 1942.

It is the year of the Calvary of the human race, and there has been no more poignant time since man came on the earth. Yet it is a time for lifting up the hearts of men, for it is the Armageddon of the good and evil forces of the world, and the end is as certain as the rising of the sun. We have passed another milestone in the Valley of Shadows, and far off is the little light that will one day fill the heavens.

The Year That Has Gone

We can hardly look back without tears on the year that has gone, the year that will never die however deep it be engulfed in the abyss of Time. It has seen disasters too sad for tears and wonders too great for words, and as we look back we can but be filled with thankfulness that we are here, still a free people with hearts beating steadily, a people that has passed through deep waters and reached the shore with high spirits.

We have come through another Christmas time, and many of us will long remember the ceaseless throng of people, young and old, rich and poor, trying through all those Christmas days to find something that would delight and surprise somebody. For once they had the money (especially those who had been poor before), but there was little to buy; whenever before has an egg, or a pound of sugar, or a few currants, or a box of biscuits, been a welcome Christmas Box at home?

LONG ago our Oxford Street was the Way of Sorrow, the road to Tyburn, and thousands of piteous sights it has seen; but in our time it has become the Way of Pleasure, and who is not stirred in days of peace by the sight of its great shops crowded with happy people? We have seen it in these last few days crowded again with brave people trying to be gay. Their houses may have been bombed, their familiar shops may lie in ruin, a bitterness that no man knows may be gnawing at their heartstrings, and the Government may be calling on them not to spend their money; but spend they must, for it is Christmas, and there is Tommy and Nelly, and father and mother, and that man fighting for his life so far away, and this little thing and that little thing will be all the world to them.

Seeking a Little Happiness

So, in every town and village of our land that has a shop, an endless stream of sad humanity has been seeking a little happiness in unselfish buying and giving, in carrying out, in any small way they could, the golden rule of life laid down two thousand years ago. There is no great memory of the past they would not give if so they could lose the bitterness of the present hour, and yet they must be making happiness for somebody, for what are life and love but giving?

THE pendulum of time swings on, the panorama of the world for ever changes, but the heart of the common stock of men remains the same; if it is free it thinks no ill. It may steal, being in the grip

of poverty. It may be cruel, being in the grip of wrong. It may be crushed and in the thrall of slavery. It may be caught by lust of power or love of tyranny. It may be sodden by indulgence or broken by despair. But the heart of man that is serene and free will do no wrong, will think no ill. The world is blacking out, but the human heart can never be blacked out in a free land.

The Hand of Cain

If every human heart is sad as this year opens, it is that a Confederation of Assassins has set out to destroy the freedom of the world. We ended the last war with the resolve that no nation should ever again make war its instrument of national policy. We began this war against three countries that have made murder the instrument of policy.

IN peace there was no calamity which befell these nations that did not bring a worldwide sympathy for them, and instant help from their neighbours. Let the terror of earthquake run through Japan, and the heart of the world was moved. Let flood and fire or the trail of war bring Germany and Italy to great distress, and help flowed in to them. And yet today these countries have filled the world with murder and cruelty and illwill, and set the hand of Cain against his brother everywhere. How many millions they have murdered, beaten, starved, maimed, no man can know, but it is a countless multitude.

Hail, 1942



Sound, the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

O, Time For Which We Yearn

O, TIME for which we yearn;
O, sabbath of the nations long foretold!
Season of peace, return,
Like a late summer when the year grows old,
When the sweet sunny days
Steep mead and mountain-side in golden-haze.
O, when the day shall break
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts,
On such a blessed morn
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.
William Cullen Bryant

THEY have turned the world upside-down, have made their peoples slaves, have filled their youth with drunken frenzy and sent them out like beasts to kill. They have changed the meaning of words and have put lying in the place of truth. They have crept out like snakes by night and poisoned the life of the world. They have written a new gospel which says that love and honour and truth and mercy and justice are stupid things and the sign of weakness, but that hate and treachery and lying and cruelty and tyranny are the natural signs of strength in a nation and a man, and will lead them on to power. It is the heaven of the brute, the spirit of the hyena and the wolf, that they desire and cherish. Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, are the symbols of mental and moral disease to them.

If the Nazi Had His Way

If they were to have their way no man could ever be trusted in a business transaction. No sworn document would be worth the paper it is written on. No man's word would be believed. No decision in a court of law could endure. No man could sleep unafraid of his neighbour. No father could trust his child. No man would be sure of his brother. No traveller would be safe in any land. No ship could sail unarmed. No island could depend on its food supply. No currency could be relied upon. No newspaper would be independent. No writer could say what he thought. No letter could be trusted to the post. No school could teach the truth. No minister could preach the Gospel. No artist could have freedom to work out his imagination. No scientist could carry on his work unhindered. No Government would represent its people.

WE have only to think how sterile the life of these Slave-States has been to see that there is nothing but death in front of them. To them it is power for the Tyrant and death and slavery for the rest. Not one great work of art or literature or science has come out of the Germany of Hitler or the Italy of Mussolini, and, as for Japan, she lives still far back in the mists of time. There is not a free man in all these countries that bow down to gods and brutes.

Mankind With Us

The Prime Minister has said that four-fifths of mankind is with us—perhaps more. It is more. It is not one-tenth of all mankind that these Barbarians stand for. All their creatures are not 250 millions strong, and the world has nearly 2500 millions.

If we look at them we might well smile at the thought that they could overcome the world, if their treachery had not caught the world sleeping. Germany, ruled by a howling lunatic; Italy, ruled by a monstrous braggart; Japan, ruled by an unseen emperor descended from the gods and aloof from his people, who think of him as our children think of Old King Cole—these are they who are against the world in 1942.

Of those who are with us we have no need to speak, but we may seek comfort in the contemplation of the stage as it is set. There is not one of the stricken countries which has not had its share in kicking the Axis out of its strongholds. The Greeks have made the Italians run, begging for mercy. The Russians have made the Germans

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The Three Ships in Manila Bay

A DRAMATIC story of Manila Bay is recalled by the fighting in the Philippines, where trouble occurred between Germany and America forty-three years ago.

When the war between America and Spain broke out in 1898, in consequence of the sinking of the Maine, the American Fleet under Admiral Dewey was ordered to attack the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay. Dewey did this without the loss of one sailor, but did not proceed to land forces and capture Manila until the arrival of an occupying army from San Francisco.

German Effrontery

While he was waiting a German warship steamed in, without the slightest regard of the American blockading fleet. The Germans, as was their wont even in those days, acted as if the port belonged to them and Admiral Dewey promptly ordered the German commander to heave to, and in order to make it clear to him that he was intruding on a properly-established blockade he fired a shot across the bow of his ship.

The German commander was in a rage and called on Sir Edward Chichester, who was in command of the British warship *Immortalité* then in the bay, and asked his advice as to what he should do. Sir Edward told him frankly that he owed an apology to Admiral Dewey for his violation of the custom of the sea, and offered to visit him to smooth matters over. This he did, and Dewey,

who did not wish the war to spread, did no more. Yet, probably because he had the Kaiser's instructions to make the American position as difficult as possible, the German commander continued to act in a hostile way, attempting to check the action of Aguinaldo, the revolutionary leader whom the Americans were helping, in his capture of some Spaniards on an island.

Admiral Dewey then showed that he would prevent this impudent act by force, and the British commander, realising that a critical moment had arrived, manoeuvred his ship until it was exactly between the other two. Nothing more was done. The German withdrew hastily, and soon afterwards the landing expedition arrived, the port was captured with little loss, and America had acquired the first of all its far-away possessions, thousands of miles from the homeland.

Cheers for the British

When Sir Edward Chichester finally sailed out of Manila Bay, so firmly had he established himself in the affection of the American Fleet that every ship manned her yards and gave the *Immortalité* three cheers as she passed. With the answering signal *Thank You* flying from her masthead, the British peacemaker went on her way.

Florence Nightingale of Crete

LONG after this war is fought and won British soldiers will love the memory of Miss Joan Stavridi, daughter of a London banker. She was in Crete when the Germans made their fierce attack.

As matron of a Red Cross hospital which had no better protection than sailcloth, Miss Stavridi carried on gallantly, encouraging her nurses, cheering the men, and sharing with them all the horrors. Even when the Nazi invasion gathered strength

she was at her post of duty; and when the bombing from the air became so severe that the hospital had to be removed to the caves, she carried on. She carried on even when the Germans arrived. They took her off to Greece, but there was something about her which made even a Nazi respect her, and it is believed that today she is still doing the work of a Red Cross nurse in Athens. Well may she be called the Florence Nightingale of Crete.

YEAR OF THE IMMORTAL DAWN

Continued from page 1

run, freezing in the snows. The Empire Forces and all their Allies have made both the European Bullies run while their yellow jackal comes yelping up.

We do right to be calm as the New Year comes. He who writes has just planted a small tree. It fell as a seed from the sky, carried by a bird and dropped in a London back garden, and now it looks out from a Kent hilltop, a brave little chestnut which will grow into a sturdy giant and fling its branches out across the hill, lighting its candles after Eastertide to cheer the village folk who live where the Romans lived, where the

Saxons lie, by the Norman castle walls, the medieval church, and the Tudor gateway. It will be the sign of life and resurrection for them all, and it will mean that life in Old England goes on, from year to year, age to age, generation unto generation.

The evil things will perish and the good will live. It is the law of life and righteousness, which belong to each other and will not be separated by principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.

Farewell, 1941, year of tribulation and decision. Hail, 1942, year of the shining light and the Immortal Dawn. Arthur Mee

GREAT SERVANT OF HIS COUNTRY

The famous and powerful firm of Lever Brothers faces the new year with a vacant chair at its council table and a great sorrow in the hearts of its people, for its chairman, Sir Francis D'Arcy Cooper, has passed to his reward.

He was the beloved chairman of this vast undertaking, and was in no small measure responsible for the genius of scientific research and organisation which has carried its products to the ends of the earth and made it one of the most efficient and humane commercial enterprises under the sun.

A Wellington schoolboy, Mr Cooper began life as a partner in his family's accountant business, and eventually became associated with Lord Leverhulme, founder of Port Sunlight, succeeding the founder as chairman. An industrial statesman of the first rank, a man of infinite taste, wise judgment, and irresistible charm of manner, he was a welcome figure on any council or at any table, and made himself useful in many ways to the Government on the eve of the war and during its progress. In spite of a grave operation in 1939, he carried on and became Chairman of the Board of Trade's Export Council, and crossed the Atlantic on an important mission.

He was courageous, modest, honest as the day, and it was delightful to be in contact with him in any capacity. In the last months of a vigorous life, full of service to his country and devotion to his friends, he must have felt that he was "fighting a rearguard action" as his friend Lord Leverhulme has said, but he was unwearied in well-doing. The King made him a baronet in the last year of his life, and never did honour come to a man who sought it less than he.

HONG KONG

Hong Kong has written its name for ever in the annals of the heroisms of the world.

The courage of its garrison has been the first immortal chapter of the fight for freedom in the Far East. The opening weeks of the war in the Pacific have, by a series of tragic happenings, given the Japs the opportunity to attack with no great forces to withstand them, but the time will come when the Allied victories in the Russian snows and the desert sands will be repeated in distant waters troubled by Japan.

Eritrea Road to Victory

It is welcome news that thousands of American airmen and civilians who are experts in fitting and repairing aircraft are to be established in Eritrea, the old Italian colony between Abyssinia and the Red Sea.

US Army technicians will be there also to assemble and repair tanks. The excellent port of Massawa will be safe from the Japanese, for not only is it protected by Aden, but also by an island fortified by Italy at the entrance to the Red Sea.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

WE hear of a dog which set a room on fire in a house at Chwillog, in Carnarvonshire, by putting its paw on the switch of an electric radiator.

Dartford Public Library has issued 57,880 books in two months, 20,000 more than in two months last year.

A Kent man of 98 has knitted 35 pairs of socks for the Forces.

ONE station of the R.A.F.'s Technical Training Command grew last year 70 tons of potatoes and 60,000 cabbages on land between the camp hutments.

As a result of her offer to send hollyhock seeds from Palestine to C.N. readers in exchange for sixpence, plus postage, Miss Dorothy Searle of Guildford has already sent over £5 to the East End Mission and £1 to Dr Barnardo's Homes.

According to the President of the Board of Education, less than one per cent of our children are now out of school, and all but two per cent are receiving full-time education.

At Shepherds Bush only 247 parents in 785 have agreed to their children being inoculated against diphtheria, a sad fact seeing that at Hammersmith a child has just died from this terrible disease.

A search of vaults at Derby L.M.S. offices yielded 50 tons of paper, including drivers' registers going back to 1881 and copying books of 1858.

In the course of his forty years of service with the Canadian Forestry Department Mr Norman Mackenzie Ross, who has just retired, gave away 184 million trees.

Scout and Guide News Reel

WOLF Cubs of Bromley, Kent, have collected more than 50 tons of waste-paper in the past twelve months.

In the Yorkshire village of Pocklington one Scout Troop has erected 50 Morrison shelters.

The lads at the Scout Camp in Walsby Forest, Nottinghamshire, have bought a rabbitry near the camp site, from which it is hoped sufficient meat will be provided for the campers.

THE collection of bottles by Canadian Boy Scouts has made unnecessary the purchase of bottles by the Army Medical Service of the Dominion for a period of six months.

So heavy has been the call-up of Scoutmasters that boy patrol leaders are taking their place. About 4000 are now being trained in leadership by post.

The Rabbit and the Crops

LORD CARNARVON has appealed to Lord Woolton to allow the price of rabbits to be raised so that, like hares, they may sell for as much as 7s 6d each—not in order to raise the cost of living, but so that it may encourage farmers to get rid of them and save our crops.

Incredible though it may appear, English wild rabbits have actually been dearer than that. They were comparatively late-comers into England from Mediterranean countries, and were at first as carefully nurtured as game birds are today. Every country estate had its rabbit warren, and the warren's lodge was as familiar as the garage is today.

CHESHIRE beekeepers have undertaken to supply free bottles of honey to submarine crews, each district adopting a submarine.

Commenting on the high wages now being paid to juveniles, a writer states that boys at Birmingham were seen tossing half-smoked cigars into the gutter, and that boys in Clerkenwell were known to be smoking 40 or 50 cigarettes a day.

More than 10,000 dart-boards have been made in several English villages and sent to our men abroad.

AN old-age-pension couple in Essex who had saved £1 to spend this Christmas sent the money to Colchester Hospital instead.

Two Czech children, who on being evacuated to Canada in 1939 did not know a word of English, have just won a public-speaking contest at Wentworth County, Ontario.

School children in many Lancashire and Cheshire towns were recruited to help with the Christmas mail; in Southport 160 boys collected and delivered, and 40 girls worked in the sorting office.

THE first prize for the best allotment was recently awarded to a woman at Slough, who took on the task of cultivating a piece of ground which no men would accept because of its rough condition.

The Vintners Company has distributed £110 among the poor boxes of 18 London police courts.

A New Zealand mother has appealed against the calling-up of her seventh son, but the appeal was refused.

One of the most interesting gifts for the Guide Christmas Good Turn was a doll's house in the style of an Elizabethan cottage; it was made, complete with furniture, by Maidstone Rangers.

No gift in the Guide Good Turn collection was wasted, for toys damaged in transit were repaired by members of London's A.F.S.

THINGS SEEN

A great stores displaying posters asking people to save fuel and light, and having one window illuminated by five 1000-watt spotlights, 20 footlights, and 25 coloured headlights.

A bunch of primroses on the Editor's desk, picked in the Sevenoaks Weald on December 17.

MOTHER RILEY

Everyone in the factory across the road calls her Mother Riley. She lives in Leeds, and every day a hundred workers hurry into her home for a tenpenny dinner.

She has no one to help her except two girls from the factory who lend a hand with serving the meal. By getting up before six in the morning she manages to scrub the floors of her dining-rooms, peel over 50 pounds of potatoes, scrape a stone of carrots, lay the tables for her hundred guests, and cook a hot dinner. She is famous for her golden Yorkshire puddings. She does her own washing-up, and she keeps cheerful all the time.

OUR MONUMENTS

As we were saying the other day, Lord Reith's National Building Record has taken six thousand photographs of our buildings to help with the preservation of a full knowledge of our monuments and treasures.

Those who would like to have such a record of their own may find it already in book form, for there are about six thousand photographs of our beautiful things and places, including most of our fine churches, in the King's England volumes published by Hodder & Stoughton.

SORTING OUT THE PASSENGERS

Before America entered the war there were still passenger liners crossing the Atlantic between Lisbon and the United States.

The captain of one boat said that his principal worry was not mines or submarines or bombers, but the placing of the passengers in the saloon. He had to be most careful that passengers belonging to nations at war with one another did not find themselves sitting side by side. An Italian must not sit next to a Greek, an Englishman to a German, a Chinese to a Japanese. An American, however, would sit next to anybody so long as he was hungry.

SHOWING UP THE MOSQUITO

The new electron microscope which magnifies 100,000 times has been turned on the mosquito, and, as suspected, reveals nothing good about it. But, if not to our advantage, the structure of its breathing tubes almost takes our breath away. They are lined with elastic hoops, each one 30,000th of an inch broad, and these are covered with sub-microscopic spines, invisible except in special photographs, only a quarter of a millionth of an inch long. No wonder that the mosquito is so aggressive.

AIR FREE FROM BACTERIA

It is possible, it seems, to free the atmosphere of a hospital or a school from bacteria by the use of ultra-violet ray lamps. By ultra-violet is meant the rays beyond the violet end of the solar spectrum. In America it has been found that by placing these lamps in school-rooms the outbreak of disease has been controlled. The lamps are placed where the external air enters the room to be sterilised.

It is suggested that the system might well be extended to factory first-aid rooms, where bacteria-free air would greatly reduce the risk of wounds turning septic.

The Cripple Hero Down in Cornwall

Peace hath her heroes, no less renowned than War.

SOME children walking near a disused mine shaft down in Cornwall the other day heard a dog barking. Listening carefully, they heard it again. It came from the old bramble-covered shaft.

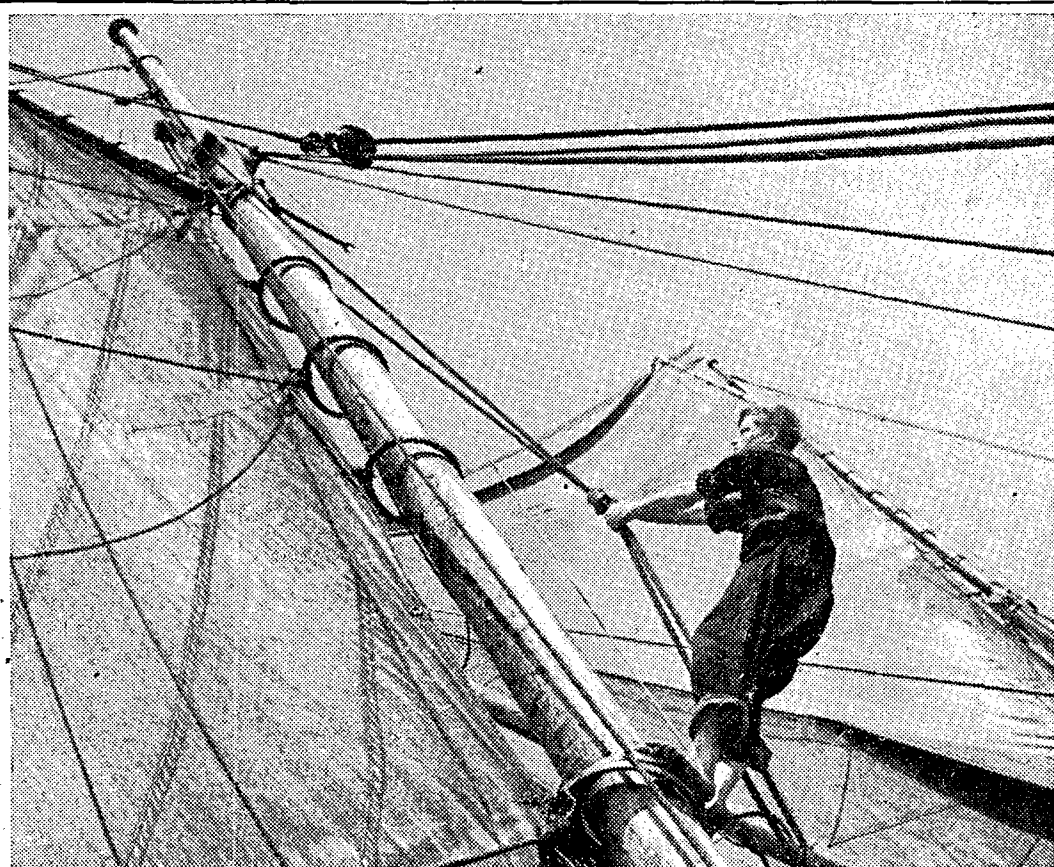
They remembered that a farmer living near had lost his black spaniel and had been looking for it in vain, so they ran to the farm and told of what they had heard. The farmer hastened to the shaft and he also heard a dog barking below. It was Flo—he was confident of that! He fetched some food and lowered it down the shaft, for surely the poor dog must have been very hungry after being lost for 12 days. Preparations for the rescue began. This meant getting long ladders and lashing them together, for the shaft was 120 feet deep. Three days passed before everything was

ready, and each day the farmer fed his pet with titbits.

Then a neighbour, Mr James Richard Dawe of Kit Hill, near Callington, volunteered to descend the old workings. He is a cripple, wounded in the hip during the last war, and he cannot put on his socks or boots without assistance. Yet this brave man went down the ladders, and when he came to the last rung he had to jump five feet to reach the dog on the shaft bottom. Putting the dog into a sack, he carried it on his back to the surface.

Next morning, at milking-time, Flo scampered off to the pastures as usual to fetch the cows.

When the Callington magistrates held their December meeting Mr Dawe was presented with a silver medal for what the magistrates described as "a very brave and humane act."



Sails on the Thames

This striking picture shows a 19-year-old member of the crew of a Thames sailing barge going aloft to repair one of the sails. These barges still make trips carrying useful cargoes between London and the coast.

A VANISHED PEOPLE

More has been unearthed about the vanished people who, following the ancient migration route from Asia to America, built themselves a town in Alaska, as mentioned in the C N a few weeks ago. Their town was planned in five long avenues, and housed 3000 people, who were hunters as well as fishermen, and entirely different in customs and appearance from Eskimos. They were flint-workers, and some of their ivory carvings found in their tombs are remarkably fine. One strange carving was an ivory mask, in several sections, which covered the body of a child. After they had disappeared (over 2000 years ago) another race built a smaller town close by.

Wear Them

A correspondent who read the C N paragraph on "How to Make Old Clothes Last Longer" is reminded of an old Warwickshire parson's reply to an inquiry. His maid-servant told him there was a man at the door asking What we did with our old clothes. Said he—"Wear them!"

A Film of the Sun's Fireworks

A kinema film of a tornado of fiery gas big enough to cover the United States is the latest wonder of Mount Wilson, the home of heavenly wonders. The film was made by Dr Edwin Pettit, and shows this terrific storm on the sun moving at 2000 miles a minute and rising from its 8000 miles width to 38,000 miles high.

From the top of it, as if from a volcano, a smoke-like column rises another 30,000 miles, and after this firework display the blazing eruption slowly fades from sight.

AFTER 50 YEARS

Many of the individual Companies of the Boys Brigade have been celebrating their Jubilees this year, but none with greater pride than the 1st Largs Company in Ayrshire. The reason for this pride is that the first boy to wear the B B uniform in Largs has been appointed Provost of this town. He is Provost John Lindsay, and this honour should inspire every Boy Brigader in Largs to strive to succeed him some day in the civic chair.

THE DEEP SEA BOWL BY THE PHILIPPINES

Nearly every day the name of the Philippines greets us on the wireless, but the broadcaster has nothing to say about one of the interesting things near by.

They are just on the edge of the Sulu Sea, which is like a huge bowl, 250 miles across, sunk in the Pacific, and deeper far than the waters surrounding it. Though the rim of the bowl is only 1500 feet below sea-level, the bowl is 17,000 feet deep. Still more astonishing is the greatest known ocean deep just east of the land at Mindano. This is 35,400 feet deep.

Cross Word Competition

The Cross Word competition in the C N for October 4 was a great success, and ten-shilling postal orders have been sent to each of 71 competitors whose solutions were correct, while 630 consolation prizes have been awarded to entrants with one mistake. A list of winners may be had from Kolynos Incorporated, 12 Chenies Street, London, W C 1.

THE TOY LIBRARY

Toy lending libraries are a great success in America among children whose parents cannot afford to buy them playthings.

Imagine a little girl's thrill at being able to borrow a doll with yellow hair one week and a black-haired Sambo the next; or the small boy's delight at being able to play with an electric train for a few days and with a scooter when he tires of the train.

The libraries are educational as well as a source of pleasure, for the children learn to be responsible, careful, clean, neat, and truthful, no youngster taking out a toy who has not proved himself capable of looking after it.

Chicago has a dozen of these toy lending centres, and Los Angeles county has over forty.

RED INDIAN PYRAMIDS

On the Kincaid Mound in Illinois have been found the remains of six large pyramids of clay built by some prehistoric Red Indian dynasty. The clay was evidently brought in baskets, and on the flat tops of the pyramids temples of wood were raised, with cemeteries for stone-slab coffins, and palisade defences to guard the Red Indian rulers of that forgotten day. None can say when it was, but the discoveries have only lately been made.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO SILK?

All the scarcity of silk is not in stockings. The electrical instrument makers are beginning to find substitutes for it where it has been employed to wind round bobbins or lengths of wire for insulation. Silk tape is also doomed to disappear from electrical instruments, to be replaced by one of the new artificial silk substitutes, or even by cotton.

In a year or two we may be wondering why we ever made so much fuss about silk, and the silk-worm will join the unemployed.

MOUNT MAGNETIC

On one of the hills round San Francisco Bay, facing the Golden Gate, stands the biggest magnet in the world, 56 feet long, 30 feet high, and 184 inches wide. It is to be part of the giant cyclotron being built for Professor E. O. Lawrence, which is to develop an energy of 100 million electron volts, the nearest approach to a lightning flash science has yet attained.

This astounding construction will contain 3700 tons of steel and 300 tons of copper, and when Professor M. L. Oliphant inspected the magnet all was expected to be ready two years from now. In view of the increasing demands due to the present crisis for copper, this is probably too hopeful a forecast.

YET THEY HEARD THE CALL

Not long ago a party of women climbed aboard a train which left Newcastle for the Midlands. They were bound for a war factory in those parts, to work as machine operators.

The factory will be full of the roar of machinery; the canteens will buzz with cheerful laughter and talk; but these women will hear none of it from their benches or tables—they are deaf. They were accompanied to their new home by Miss Arthur, a teacher at the Northern Counties Deaf and Dumb Institute, Newcastle; she is learning the job with them, and will interpret the instructions.

January 3, 1942

The Childre

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



1942, Be Good to All the World

AT the beginning of a New Year the spirit of Goodwill should be abroad in the land; we should almost hear the beating of his wings, while the shuddering sprite of Illwill should shrink back into the darkness to which he belongs.

It is these two influences, always at war with one another, which mould the life of the world. It is Goodwill which bids us seek peace and ensue it; it is Illwill which sows differences between men and peoples, leaving them to grow into a harvest of conflict and war, bringing desolation and misery in its train.

GOODWILL puts on the clock to bring nearer the brighter and the longer day; Illwill would put the clock back a thousand years.

The will to do good to men has inspired all the saints and all the good and all the tender-hearted. It has made the great healers, the law-givers, and those philanthropists whose name means no more than friends of man. It has made the white-clothed army of martyrs. Joan of Arc, who loved her countrymen better than herself, was of its train; the John Howards and Elizabeth Frys march under its banner, and so do the Pasteurs and Listers.

Such people are the rank and file of the army whose leaders win a place in history, not because they seek it, but because this old world, in spite of its seeming indifference, knows at the bottom of its heart that nothing can help it except this Goodwill.

WHAT has Illwill to set beside these men and the things they have done? It is a mighty power. Its deeds and its dark emissaries are detested, but they are not forgotten.

What was the spirit that drove these men to conquests and wrote their names in blood

on the lands they swept with fire? It was Illwill, the parent of every evil deed of cruelty and ambition. In St. Patrick's Cathedral lies a man who wrote his own epitaph before he was buried there, and bade that there should be inscribed on his tomb that he lay at last where "fierce wrath can tear his heart no more." His wrath was for the meanesses and injustices of mankind:

Vain humankind, fantastic race,
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

A terrible indictment this of the children of Illwill. It would be more terrible if we believed that it was all true, that Illwill inspired the conduct of even the greater portion of mankind, or if we did not really trust that in the eternal conflict between Goodwill and Illwill it is the good that triumphs.

DEAN SWIFT, in the last words that we have quoted, wrote of his fierce wrath against the Illwill of men; but Illwill does not possess the race. The greatest and the noblest of men experience a righteous wrath. It is the noble rage which, as William Blake tells us, fills all heaven at the thought of a robin redbreast in a cage; it is wrath at injustice, cruelty, illdoing; a fury of effort to banish these things for ever.

What the world needs is Goodwill; what spoils it is Illwill. It is for each of us to add to the one and to lessen the other in the world.

JUST AN IDEA

In looking forward to the future it may not matter so much that marvellous inventions may come about, or how widespread luxuries will be; but what does matter is whether life will be a nobler thing.

Under the Editor's Table

THE English girl is an outdoor girl. You can't take her in.

LETTERS are to be sorted to music. The notes mustn't get mixed.

POTATOES make an excellent meal. Do they sit down in their jackets?

TINNED sausage-meat has been hit by the points rationing system. And it can't hit back.

ON the map the Pacific islands become mere dots. But the Ocean is easily spotted.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a stitch in time would mend our ways

GAS-BAG vans are becoming more popular. Hope they won't be supplied with loud-speakers.

A LANDLORD asks what he shall do if his house begins to decay. Let it.

A GREAT singer says he finds life lonely. Yet he always has somebody to accompany him.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

TAKE twelve fine, full-grown months, see that they are entirely free from all old memories of bitterness, rancour, hate, and jealousy.

Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and bitterness; in short, see that these months are as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts, and prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work, eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest, three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution.

If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good-humour.

Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat, garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness—and a Happy New Year to you.

Story From Nazareth

IN a little hospital in Nazareth lay a Tasmanian soldier, Corporal Kenneth Jenkins of Hobart, who had lost a leg in the Syrian battle.

He was feeling lonely and sick at heart when there came a knock on his door and in walked his brother and two friends.

They had walked all the way from the Syrian front, 300 miles, to see how he was getting on.

Their visit over, they set out on their 300-mile walk back, leaving behind a very cheerful corporal.

Uncle Sam to Johnny Bull, New Year 1942

WHAT say you to a compact, John, enduring as the Stars, That you and I together, John, beneath the rays of Mars, Should swear to stand like brothers, John, on rolling sea, and sod,
For progress, peace, and freedom, John, humanity, and God?

A FRIENDLY CHIEF

A BRITISH ship had been torpedoed off the coast of West Africa. A few days later 28 survivors landed on the shores of French Guinea. No sooner had they set foot on dry land than thousands of natives flocked round them, helping to secure the lifeboat, and making a great stir.

Presently the natives stood aside as the Chief came riding in a sedan chair. As soon as he saw the Englishmen he stepped from his chair and went round shaking hands with them.

"Hullo, my dear!" he kept saying.

It was the only English phrase he knew, but it served!

THE TIED COTTAGE

PERHAPS it is not generally realised that many farm workers live in "tied" cottages, and during the recent fight for an increased minimum wage the fact that these people are asked to pay a rent of only three shillings a week was used as an argument against their claim.

Many townspeople who have often admired country cottages, and who look on a three-shilling rent as ridiculously low, will be surprised to hear the comment of a medical officer who has been transferred from the East End of London to a Kent district. After a trip round several villages with a member of the District Council he said: "You have worse slums than we had in the East End."

Some of these cheap cottages are good, but many are very bad. Bad sanitation, damp walls,

faulty structure, low-pitched roofs, and a complete lack of any convenience are usual, and often the only access is by means of a muddy, rutted path.

An occupier of a tied cottage has few of the rights of an ordinary tenant. He is told what he can do and what he cannot. He may not be allowed to take a lodger, or may even be told to turn out a member of his family who has annoyed the employer. On some farms the cottage must be open to inspection in much the same way as married quarters in a barracks. The fear of dismissal is aggravated by the knowledge that it means also notice to quit.

It is easy to understand that farm workers hate these cottages and look forward to a time when this survival of the bad old days will have disappeared.



London Shall Not Burn

In the basements of bombed buildings London now has many tanks of water for emergency fire-fighting. Here is a ruined church used for the purpose.

The Warrior and His Medal

FROM time to time our pulses are set galloping by glorious tales of valour rewarded by medals. Nobly are they earned, yet the nation has not always so rewarded the men who have sustained its cause.

Nelson's marvellous victory at the Battle of the Nile in 1798 evoked no such national testimonial, so a private citizen, Alexander Davison, spent £2000 on a gold medal for Nelson and his captains, silver for junior officers, copper-gilt for petty and warrant officers, and bronze for the seamen and marines. On each medal was the bust of Nelson.

That medal was cast by the great Boulton and Watt at their Birmingham works. Boulton, declaring that medals were the most neglected of all British works of art, raised the standard of our medals to the highest position in the world.

For Trafalgar there was still no official medal, so Boulton again

made good the deficiency by producing one, of which the admirals received copies in gold, the captains and lesser ranks in silver. But the men, being so many, had medals of pewter, which they thought unworthy of their great victory.

Waterloo was celebrated by the Government itself, but only at the repeated instigation of the Duke of Wellington, who proposed that the medals should be exactly the same for all ranks, from the Commander-in-Chief to the drummer-boy. The advice was followed.

Alas, times grew hard in the days that followed Waterloo, and the medal that should have been the possessor's dearest prize was so frequently converted into cash that to preserve the honour of the Army and an emblem of incomparable distinction the trophy was declared to be included in "Soldiers' Necessaries," and its sale was banned.

St Nicholas and His Bags of Gold

We have received from the Master of Lord Leycester's Hospital at Warwick this little Christmas sermon written as his weekly essay by one of the boys, Arthur Hawkins, aged 14, and we print it as a fine example of an essay by one so young.

As this is chiefly a children's festival, and my sermon for children, my text will be only two words—*Love and Giving*.

I am very much afraid that at Christmas time most children's thoughts turn to Santa Claus, and, whether they believe in him or not, they hate to think he might pass them by. Who was Santa Claus?

Santa Claus is the Dutch name for Saint Nicholas, a very good bishop who was a great friend of little children and sailors. He was so good and holy that when he inherited a huge fortune his one aim was to give it away to poor and needy people. He often gave his gifts secretly by putting bags of gold in open windows under cover of darkness. So, you see, the real Santa Claus did what he is still supposed to do. The gifts were found after the giver had gone.

But why do we have gifts at Christmas? Well, at Christmas time there came to the world the greatest gift it could receive. God so loved the world that He gave His Son. His Son was made man and was born as a

little child. The shepherds brought the gift of their worship. Wise men brought their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

To the world the Christ Child brought the greatest gift of God's love. Since the first Christmas time gifts are sent in remembrance of the greatest gift, and St Nicholas, who also gave gifts, has been remembered in many countries.

Lately, since the war, it is not possible to give gifts and presents as we used to do, but we can still give something. I suppose you children are wondering what Santa Claus has brought you.

I wonder if you are going to give anything yourselves. You haven't much money? No bags of gold? You cannot get presents to give? Perhaps not, but you can still be a Santa Claus.

Give your smiles, your good temper, your little help to your parents. Give your obedience to your school and teacher, and give yourselves as real friends to other children. But remember—Santa Claus did not make a fuss about his gifts. He gave them and left them to be found. He didn't advertise his kindness and boast about it. Neither must you. Just see what you can do about it. It may not be easy, but neither was it easy for Jesus to give Himself, or for St Nicholas to give his wealth.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN MOROCCO

THE Sherifa of Wazan, who has lately passed away in Tangier, was an Englishwoman in a great tradition. Like Gertrude Bell of our time, and Lady Hester Stanhope a century before her, she found happiness among strangers, living out her life in the land of her adoption and finding at last a resting-place far from her own people.

Born as Emily Keene, the daughter of a Surrey man, she met her husband while on holiday in Tangier. He was the Sherif Abd-es-Salem, descendant of Mohammed, a hereditary prince, head of a great religious order, and one of the most powerful men in all Morocco. She was a simple and charming English girl of 22, and it was a

strange alliance, but it brought happiness to both of them, and to many others. Living among Moslems, but still clinging to her English faith, she with great tact and charm and humour avoided the many pitfalls astride her path. Introducing vaccination, helping the sick, and doing good in a hundred ways, she made herself revered by all.

In her memory we may perhaps be allowed to quote a few lines from the epitaph of Gertrude Bell, who also sleeps among Moslem peoples far away:

*We wither away
But they wane not,
The stars that above us rise;
The mountains remain after us,
And the strong tower;
When we are gone.*

Remarkable Tale From a Farm

This remarkable story, which leaves us wondering, comes in our postbag from Moat Mill Farm, Mayfield, Sussex.

DEAR EDITOR, When I was a child my father had a herd of Jersey cows. The first cow he bought was named Granville Lilly, and she always led the herd in from the fields at milking time, and went to the first stall in the cow-house.

The second cow my father bought took the next stall, and so on. There were about 16 cows in that cow-house.

When Granville Lilly had led the herd for 14 years (my father would never part with her) the farmer told us that one morning before they started to graze the cows all met together, and there appeared to be great consternation and a great deal of mooing. He called the other farm-workers to come to see, for he could not make out what it

was all about. The cows soon quietened down, however, and the meeting was over; but in the afternoon, when the gates were opened, Granville Lilly no longer led the herd in, but came second, and took the second stall in the cow-house, which place she kept ever afterwards. I remember that we all felt glad that she had not been relegated to the end of the line.

Cow are not often given credit for great intelligence, but they evidently have their own ideas of what is right and proper, and we may perhaps believe that they are able to settle these things among themselves.

We have all heard how a pack of wolves will kill the leader when he gets too old to lead the rest, but one would hardly expect the same idea to apply to such a placid domestic animal as the cow. VERA E. M. BARKER

There Was Once an Old Rat

WHEN Sir Francis Bacon told the Spanish ambassador that he would willingly forgo the honour of the Lord Chancellorship to get rid of the burden, and that he had always a desire to lead a private life, the ambassador answered him by parable.

My lord (he said), there was once an old rat that would needs leave the world. He acquainted the young rats that he would retire into his hole and spend his days in solitude, and commanded them to respect his philosophical seclusion.

They forbore two or three days, but at last one, hardier than his fellows, ventured in to see how he did. He entered, and found the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich parmesan cheese.

REVEILLE

HARK, I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum.
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,
Saying "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said
The quick alarming drum.

Then they answered—hoping,
fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation,
throbbing,
Answered, "Lord, we come!"
Bret Harte

When Romance Goes

WHEN we let Romance go we change a sky for a ceiling.

TWELFTH-NIGHT

SO now we take the holly down,
Remove the ivy from the walls,
And still the old-time message rings
And still the old-time music falls.

There never was a greater joy,
A lovelier season, more sublime,
Than that which comes to every heart
At Christmas time.

And so, with souls brimful of hope
And longing that all strife will cease,
We look beyond these wastes of war

Across to distant realms of Peace.
Egbert Sandford

PRAYER

GOD give me work till my life shall end,
And life till my work is done.



CARRY ON

The Ten Rules of Mr Rockefeller

I BELIEVE in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility, every opportunity an obligation, every possession a duty.

I believe the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of labour, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business, or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice

are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind, and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfilment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

John D. Rockefeller, junior

O, IT WAS VERY FAIR

SUCH an up and down
Of verdure—nothing too
much up or down,

A ripple of land; such little
hills, the sky

Can stoop to tenderly and the
wheatfields climb;

Such nooks of valleys lined with
orchises,

Fed full of noises by invisible
streams.

I flattered all the beauteous
country round,

As poets use, the skies, the
clouds, the fields,

The happy violets hiding from
the roads

The primroses run down to,
carrying gold;

The tangled hedgerows, where
the cows push out

Impatient horns and tolerant
churning mouths

Twist dripping ash-boughs—
hedgerows all alive

With birds and gnats and large
white butterflies

Which look as if the may-flower
had caught life

And palpitated forth upon the
wind;

Hills, vales, woods, netted in a
silver mist,

Farms, granges, doubled up
among the hills;

And cattle grazing in the watered
vales,

And cottage chimneys smoking
from the woods,

And cottage gardens smelling
everywhere,

Confused with smell of
orchards...

And, ankle-deep in English grass,
I leaped,

And clapped my hands, and
called all very fair.

Elizabeth Browning

Victor Hugo Calling

WE inhabit, you and I, Sir, the infinitely little. I am only a proscribed man; you are only a minister. I am ashes; you are dust. Sir, keep your frivolities for Earth; do not offer them to Eternity.

Victor Hugo in a letter to Lord Palmerston

These Laws May Be Broken

NO laws are binding on the human subject which assault the body or violate the conscience.

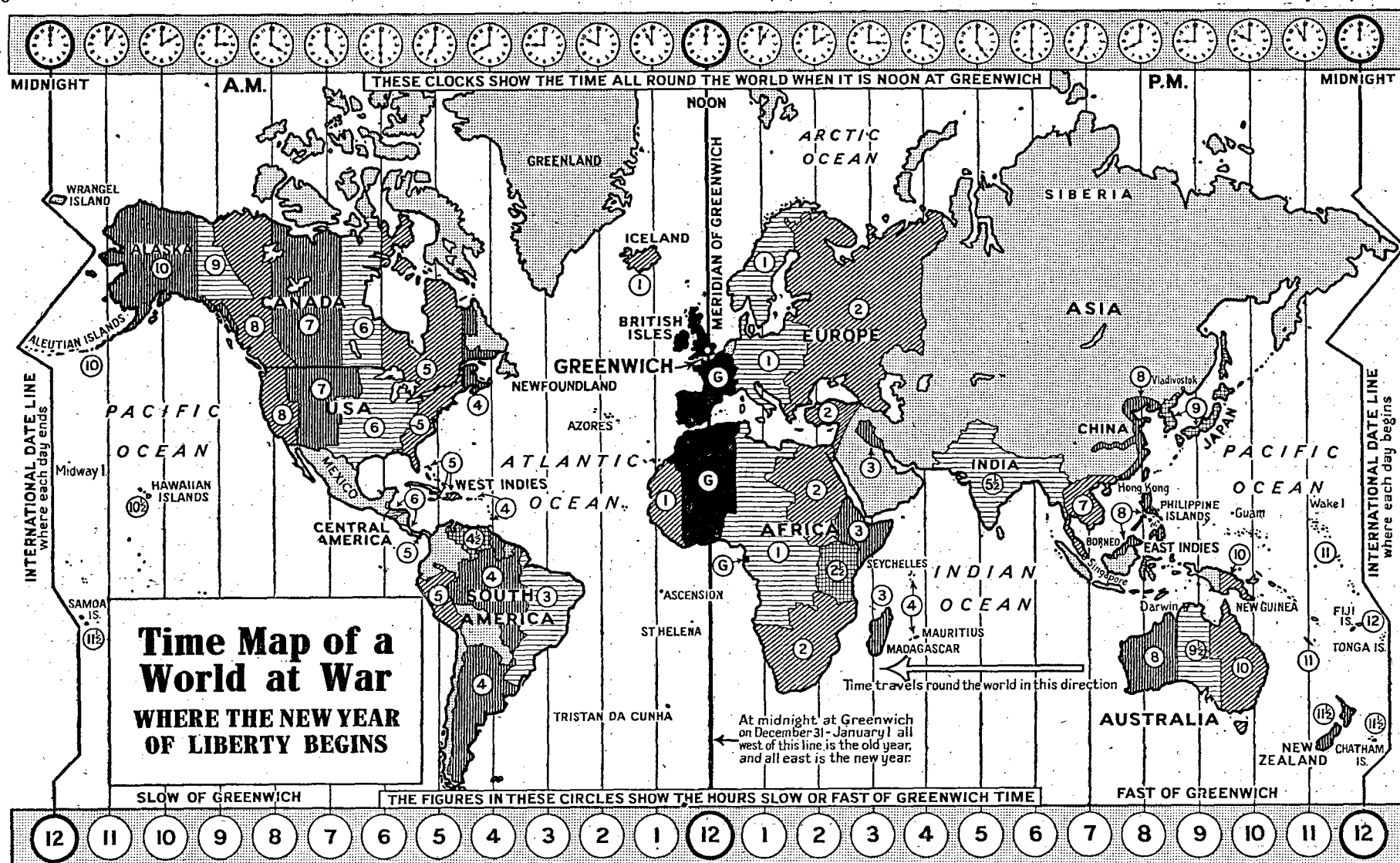
Sir William Blackstone

Better Than Learning

A HANDFUL of good life is better than a bushel of learning.



STONEHENGE Standing on Salisbury Plain, this most impressive of all Britain's prehistoric monuments has dominated the surrounding country for at least 3500 years.



It is strange to realise that when many places in the Pacific war news had entered 1942 others were still lagging behind in 1941. Yet it is true, and the C.N. map helps to explain this fact.

We must remember that the Earth is revolving and the Sun is always rising somewhere, and so daybreak comes later the farther West we go. To save confusion it has been agreed that the new day shall begin at the point represented by the International Date

Line, on the opposite side of the world from Greenwich. The deviations from the straight have been made for the sake of convenience.

The world is divided into 24 equal zones of 15 degrees, in each of which there is a standard time based on Greenwich. At sea these time-zones are regular, except for the date-line areas, but on land the boundaries of the zones are irregular so as to include in the same zone areas closely connected for

commercial purposes. The figures in the circles show the hours slow or fast of Greenwich Time. The countries marked by dot shading have no standard time-zones.

The map makes it clear why we may learn in Britain today of events taking place in the Pacific tomorrow.

As a wartime measure British Summer Time is being continued throughout the winter. Greenwich Time is, of course, shown above.

A Farm For East-Enders A TOC H HOUSE NEAR NONSUCH

EVERY weekend since September the happy voices of London's poorest children resound in the open country near Cheam and Ewell. They sleep in the buildings of Warren Farm, which for six years had been derelict.

Their visits are the result of the kind thought of the Ewell and Stoneleigh Group of Toc H, who wished to give some practical help to the victims of the Huns in the East End of London. They searched their neighbourhood until they found Warren Farm, which, with nearly two acres, was the property of the L.C.C. Toc H offered to pay the nominal rent asked for it and the members made the buildings habitable. Ceilings were patched and walls papered, while glass for the windows was obtained from old picture-frames. The use of the buildings was

then granted to the East End Mission, which had long been anxious to have a haven of rest for the young folk connected with its eight centres in the badly-bombed area. Boys and girls are taken to Warren Farm on alternate weekends, while older folk have been given brief holidays in this lovely country.

Warren Farm is near Nonsuch Park, which got its name from a few words spoken by Henry the Eighth, "There is none such place." Only a few stones remain of the royal palace, but its park is still one of the glories of the district. Perhaps Warren Farm will be developed into a permanent rest camp for the people, but of one thing we are sure, the East-Enders will be much happier here than ever the king and his courtiers were four centuries ago.

The Strange People of Luzon

ONE of the strangest tribes in the much-talked-of Philippine island of Luzon are the Bontoc Igorots who live in the mountainous interior.

They are a very primitive people, industrious, hardy, with no traces of organic disease, and suffering from no epidemics. They are a fine, muscular race, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean; in short, they are as near as possible to the natural

man. Yet with all these inducements to live long they grow old at 45, are quite old at 55, and usually die before 60. Professor Jenks, who lived among them for some time, could discern no reason for all this except in their beverages. One of these has cooked locusts and bones as its ingredients, and is never drunk till it has stood ten days. It has, said Professor Jenks, the worst smell in Bontoc.

AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT

This little story comes from a small Ontario town with the amusing name of Porcupine.

A country doctor stopped to give a lift to five soldiers, and, realising that they were tired and probably hungry, pulled up at a Chinese restaurant and asked them if they would like a meal.

Would they! He had only to look at their faces to see that they loved the idea. They were famished, and while the doctor ordered more and more food he did rapid sums in his head and worked out that the meal would cost him 75 cents a head.

But the Chinese proprietor had also been doing sums. He made the charge come to 15 cents a head.

Fifty cents each? asked the doctor; that is more than reasonable—it is generous.

Not 50 cents each—just 15 cents each, the Chinaman said.

But 15 cents would not begin to meet the cost of meals like those, the doctor said.

"Well," said the Chinaman, "the soldiers do their bit, you do your bit, I do my bit, and I refuse to take more than 15 cents for each soldier."

Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

While the Sun and Moon Give Light

OUR FIRST BIT OF MALAYA

PENANG, which has suffered so much from the Japs, is the oldest of the Straits Settlements. As readers of the C.N. may remember, it was founded by Francis Light, a Woodbridge Grammar School boy who commanded a trading ship for the East India Company.

Captain Light realised the possibilities of Penang as a commercial outpost and made a bargain with the Sultan of Kedah "so long as the sun and moon shall give light." When he landed the island was little more than a jungle with 50 inhabitants, but he devoted all his life to developing its resources,

so that when he died its seaport of Georgetown was the centre of a big, prosperous community.

It was here that Sir Stamford Raffles learned how to administer the natives of Malaya, lessons he turned to such good account at Singapore, which grew to become first a trade rival of Penang and then to surpass it by virtue of its strategic position.

We are confident that, whatever may be the fate of Penang in the immediate days of stress, the tribute paid for it by our country will not lapse, because the civilisation for which we shall in the end win the victory will last as long as the sun and moon give light.

A Hint of Forty Years Ago

A HINT dropped forty years ago by Lord Rayleigh has led to a long-sought way of eliminating the unwanted reflections from lenses, camera screens, and aeroplane instruments, as well as from shop windows and glass-framed pictures.

Lord Rayleigh noted that a weak solution of hydrofluoric acid took from a sheet of glass each hour a layer amounting to a quarter of a wavelength of light, which is a very thin layer indeed.

Acting on this hint, the television experts treated glass surfaces with hydrofluoric acid vapour, and found that it ate away the glass surface to the extent mentioned, and left instead an incredibly thin film of calcium fluoride. This almost invisible film not only abolished most of the surface reflection, but actually made the glass more transparent to light. Television pictures can be seen more easily with its help.

GOOD NEWS FROM AN ATTIC

The House of Commons Can Be Rebuilt

THE enthusiasm of an architectural student for his work 60 years ago, and the same enthusiasm for helping the national salvage crusade today, has brought the name of Mr Charles E. Marshall into the records of Parliament and its Palace of Westminster. It is not likely to be forgotten that it was owing to him that the original plans of the Houses of Parliament were preserved and found.

After the Nazi bombs had destroyed the interior of the House of Commons there was a desperate search by the Office of Works for the plans on which Sir Charles Barry, the architect, had raised the new Palace of Westminster about a century ago. Sir Charles died before the work was completed, and his son Edward carried on his great task.

Edward Barry died suddenly in 1880, disappointed because many of his proposals had not been adopted by the authorities, and highly indignant (as one of his last letters reveals) because the Government had demanded all his father's drawings and papers connected with Westminster Palace.

These drawings were not handed over, but Edward Barry's executors gave instructions that all his drawings and papers should be cleared from his store-room, allowing his pupils to take what they liked for themselves.

Mr Marshall was delighted. He selected about 200 and put them into linen bags specially made to preserve them, and the drawings have remained in these bags ever since.

Now, when the Government called for the salvage of waste-paper, Mr Marshall resolved to turn out all he could from the stores of a lifetime, but, coming across these designs by Sir Charles Barry lying in his attic, he decided not to let them go.

On reading Mr Churchill's speech regretting that the House of Commons could not be rebuilt because no complete plans were available, he realised that he could, at any rate, contribute to the missing series. So he wrote to the Ministry of Works, who sent their chief architect to examine the drawings, and sixty of them proved to be the original plans. The architect, declaring that it was the happiest day he had ever spent, hurried back to report the good news.

SILVER FOR COPPER

In the vaults of the US Treasury are 100,000 tons of silver, and it has been suggested that the Treasury should take it out and hand it over to the electricians as a substitute for the copper they need in wiring and in electrical instruments generally. The saving would be 25,000 tons of copper, which the armed forces need. It would not be a tenth of what they must have, but it would be a help.

Winning the War With Paper

AN author of thrillers recently gave himself a thrilling time sorting out the unwanted books in his library and then throwing them downstairs for the salvage man. The noise of the books hurtling down—literally volumes of it—was recorded and broadcast by the B B C for a Red Cross competition, and very jolly it sounded.

Here is a game we can all join in—and we can make a record of it too—a record salvage drive. There can hardly be a home in the land without some unwanted books, unread and unreadable, so let every household look to its surplus. Throw all unwanted volumes downstairs, knowing that every step they fall down is a step nearer victory. Yes, Britain needs them for shell-containers and mine assemblies and targets, and countless other war purposes. Upstairs and at 'em; but don't stop at that, for books in the basement and books on the ground floor are equally valuable as salvage.

Everybody will enjoy this game. Father will have more room for the books he really needs. Mother will be glad to see the back of what she has often called "dust traps." The children will delight in all the bustle; and one and all can rejoice in another good war effort.

The Noise That Breaks Into the Silence

Mr Geoffrey Maw, who is working with the Mission of the Society of Friends in India, has described a Quakers' Meeting at Itarsi in the Central Provinces.

The congregation gathers on a basis of silence, but silence at Itarsi must be purely silence of the spirit, for everywhere are the disturbing noises of the whistles of trains, barking of dogs, braying of donkeys, lowing of cattle, crowing of cocks, fighting of sparrows in the rafters, weeping of children thwarted in their desire to break the backs of hymn-books, cries of vendors of monkey nuts, rumbling of bullock carts. Mr Maw longs for the quiet meeting-houses in England, "a beautiful place like Bull Street (in the very centre of Birmingham), where you step from all the noise of the traffic into that perfect stillness, or the smaller meeting-houses like Selly Oak and Northfield, so quiet that there is nothing to distract the thoughts."

BABY SKIPPER

When Skipper arrived in America from Liberia the other day his master gave a sigh of relief, for it is exhausting to play nurse to a baby that needs to be bathed all the time.

Skipper is a pigmy hippopotamus. He is two months old, weighs nine pounds, and has condensed milk and baby food for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The naturalist who brought Skipper to America spent practically all day and all night during the voyage slushing water over the hippo's back, for if he is not kept wet the skin peels. So Skipper was placed in a baby's bath and splashed about happily. He will not long be a pet, for, grown-up, he will weigh 400 lbs!

THE KITCHENER SCHOLARS

It is good to learn that the scholarships granted by the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund are in future to be available to the sons of soldiers, sailors, and airmen who had no service before the present war. Many a man in middle life has now donned a uniform for the first time to do his part in defeating the Huns, often at the risk of sacrificing his dearest ambitions for his children. This is a Fund which may help.

From now onward any youth between 17 and 20 whose father is serving, or has served, in the Forces will be able to apply for a Kitchener Scholarship.

Since these scholarships were instituted at the end of the last war a grand total of £600,000 has been spent on the education of hard-working students, and the number now being provided for is 325. Last year 870 candidates from 427 schools offered themselves, and 162 scholarships were awarded; but as several of the scholars joined the Forces their scholarships have been held over. Over £18,000 was spent on scholarships last year.

Generous Gifts

This Kitchener Fund was founded soon after Lord Kitchener met his death in the Hampshire on his way to help our Russian ally in the Great War. Lord Wakefield was its first treasurer, and within a month £100,000 was raised, the Fund reaching £500,000 by 1918.

About £30,000 was spent on the beautiful memorial chapel in St Paul's, £40,000 was spent on founding the Kitchener Medical School at Khartoum, and the statue of Lord Kitchener was set up at the Horse Guards.

But the greater part of this Fund has always been spent on education at a university, or institution of university rank, the idea being to train students for industrial or commercial careers. Candidates are now eligible for commissions in the Army, Navy, or Air Force, as well as for other professions, while a limited number of scholar-

ships are granted to those needing help to train as doctors on condition that they serve their country in this capacity for five years at least.

The committee which awards the scholarships gives preference to sons of officers and men who have died or are disabled. The amount granted depends on the financial resources of the parents. An unusual feature is that no written examination is held, an interview and the reports of headmasters or employers guiding the committee, who pay special regard to evidence of exceptional ability and the submission of a well-thought-out plan of training.

It is needless to add that hundreds of Kitchener Scholars have already made their mark in the world. They have an association formed to carry out Kitchener's splendid example of service, and to encourage interests held in common by members.

Here again, as in the case of the Rhodes Scholars, we have a fine body of men who carry on the ideas and spirit of one pioneer and hand on the torch to thousands of our future leaders.

The Goose-Steppers

The heroic Czechs can always find something to laugh about. Nearly every day in Prague there are military parades of the Nazi goose-steppers.

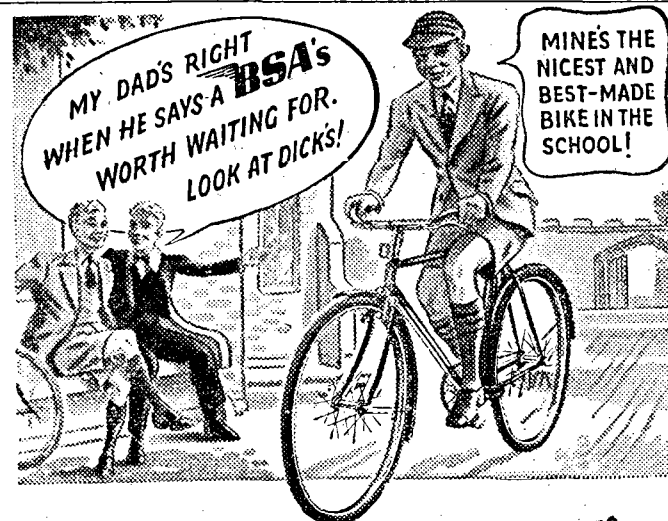
Well, the Nazis are being drilled rapidly for their march back home. "They will certainly need a quick step to get out of here in time," the Czechs say to themselves.

BEDTIME CORNER



Runners in the Race of Life

New Year, coming on apace,	You shall not deceive me:
What have you to give me?	Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,	It needs shall help me on my road,
Face me with an honest face;	My rugged way to heaven, please God.



BSAs are scarce to-day...

because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A.—you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You can still have a free catalogue, if you write to:—

Dpt. N1/1, B.S.A. CYCLES LTD., Birmingham 11

Ask Your Dad to put Your name down for a BSA

FOR THE WAITING-ROOM

Two old friends were discussing the careers of their sons.

"My boy," said one, "will be a dentist, I'm sure."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, he has started saving old magazines already."

Magic Figures

$9 \times 9 + 7 = 88$
 $9 \times 98 + 6 = 888$
 $9 \times 987 + 5 = 8888$
 $9 \times 9876 + 4 = 88888$
 $9 \times 98765 + 3 = 888888$
 $9 \times 987654 + 2 = 8888888$
 $9 \times 9876543 + 1 = 88888888$
 $9 \times 98765432 + 0 = 888888888$
 $9 \times 987654321 - 1 = 8888888888$

PROBLEM

JACK was saving up threepenny-pieces to buy Savings Stamps.

"How many have you?" a friend asked one day.

"Well," replied Jack, "if I had as many more and half as many more and a quarter as many more I should have one less than a hundred."

How many had he?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the south-west, Mars is in the south, and



Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, January 4.

BRIEFLY

WHAT word of ten letters can be spelt with five?

Expediency—X-P-D-N-C.

For Babies and Nursing Mothers

BICKIEPEG Veal, Bone, and Vegetable BROTH contains meat and vegetable extracts, including red and white marrow and valuable vitamins from the fat of the bone and green vegetables. It provides all the necessary animal constituents found in human but not in cow's milk. Bottle-fed babies can have it from birth. Breast-fed babies from six months, and there's no difficulty with weaning. And it's good for Mother when baby is coming. Instead of serving bread with the broth, give Chu-Chus... hard, nourishing rusks. When dribbling begins, give Bickiepegs, tough little biscuit bones, for even spacing of baby's teeth. Bickiepeg Broth, 2/3 per jar. Chu-Chus, 1/3 per tin. Bickiepegs (as used in the Royal Nursery) 7d. and 1/1 per packet. From all leading Chemists.

FREE SAMPLE of Bickiepegs and Chu-Chus for 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. **BICKIEPEG** LTD., Nursery Food Specialists, Dept. 25, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

bickiepeg
Veal, bone, and Vegetable broth
2/3 per Jar (Free of Purchase Tax)
Keeps indefinitely unopened

The BRAN TUB

Do You Live in Wiltshire?

WILTSHIRE is a shortened form of the old Anglo-Saxon words Wiltun-scir, the shire, or county, of which Wilton, the town on the River Wil, was the chief town. Wilts is thought to be a contraction not of Wiltshire but of Wilsoetas, the sitters or dwellers on the River Wil.

New Year Nonsense

AN old man of the Aleutian Isles

On January One always smiles, Because the New Year

Begins its journey here—

A journey of miles, miles, and miles.

Jacko's New Year Greeting

JACKO meant to give Chimp a thumping good New Year greeting. So he piled up some snowballs and waited till he thought he heard him coming round the corner, and then let fly. But, alas! it was not Chimp, but Police-Constable Monkeyman. Then there was trouble for Jacko!

Example For Nature

A LADY was looking at an artist's picture of a sunset.

"But I never see anything like this in a real sunset," she said.

"No," replied the artist. "Don't you wish you did?"

APOLOGY

ONE of our incorrigible correspondents sends us a description of a sick elephant and a dead bee, one being a seedy beast and the other a bee deceased. We apologise.

CAN WE EXHAUST THE WORLD'S WEALTH?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. When I read glowing accounts of the wonderful time promised us after the war I cannot help wondering whether the world's natural resources are great enough to supply all men of all nations with sufficient food and materials.

Man. You are really asking whether the world is in danger of exhausting its wealth?

Boy. Yes, that is it. Where, for example, are the metals to come from to make enough machinery to produce mountains of wealth for thousands of millions of people?

Man. You put a difficult and searching question. You know how short we are of iron in this war, and there are many nations which have far less iron than we have. Apart from war, the ordinary peace call for iron ought to be far greater than we need for war. Iron is man's great tool in peace; the smelting of iron with coal fuel was a turning-point in the history of mankind.

Boy. Then it must certainly be true that if there was a famine in iron the world would reach another turning-point, and a bad one!

Man. Yes; and an iron famine is quite possible in the present century, for even the supplies of America are by no means sufficient. So it is with other metals in great use, including copper, zinc, tin, lead, nickel, manganese, chromium, and so on. And then there are other metals, rare but indispensable, useful in many industries. Some day we shall have to do without them, but mankind could live very comfortably with little metal if it consented to simpler living.

Boy. What of coal and oil?

Man. Both will pass, of course, and that in a comparatively short

period. Man mainly lives on organic things, and many of the raw materials are organic. Even in the inorganic world we can always build in stone or brick, the supplies of which are inexhaustible.

Boy. Why are organic supplies safe?

Man. Because the good earth, in wise cultivation, can produce plenty for a much greater population than now exists or is likely in the future to exist. Relatively little labour can create organic abundance; and that applies as much to raw materials, such as cotton, wool, hemp, flax, timber, cellulose, as to corn and meat, dairy produce, fruit and vegetables.

Boy. So the world can look forward to universal plenty?

Man. Yes—and No. All depends on the wisdom and culture of the people of the future and their consent to cooperation. There cannot be enough to give everyone luxury, for luxury living really means a few over-served people getting too much from their fellows. But if the man of the future consents to serving and being served in reason, men will be able to make each other happy. That is more easily written than translated into being. As things are, the large part of the world's people is very poor, and the future opens with an after-war poverty based on destruction. Much will have to be done merely to repair the scorched earth. After that, the future lies with the men of the future, and we cannot prophesy what will happen. We can only hope for men, and preach to them of sane possibilities, even as I try, gropingly, to help you, so soon to be a man of the future.

JANUARY

CAME a round little man with eyes of blue, White hair from which the icicles grew, And a red, red nose like a cherry!

"Who are you?" I wonderingly said;

And the icicles clinked as he nodded his head:

"I am Master Jan U Ary."

Eleven Letters

ONE is in furrow but not in plough,

Two is in promise but not in vow, Three is in custom but not in way,

Four is in blossom but not in may,

Five is in boulder but not in stone,

Six is in music but not in tone, Seven's in twilight but not in gloom,

Eight is in spinning but not in loom,

Nine is in courage but not in fear,

Ten is in engine but not in gear, Eleven's in sorrow but not in tear,

The whole's being made for the coming New Year.

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français**Pauvre Chat!**

Henriette a bon cœur, et le spectacle d'un pauvre chat, miaulant à fendre l'âme devant une porte fermée, la rend toute triste. Elle attend un instant, espérant qu'on entendra les appels de l'animal et qu'on lui ouvrira.

Cependant l'animal miaule toujours. Henriette n'hésite plus. Elle entr'ouvre la porte de la boutique: le chat s'y précipite. Henriette s'éloigne, toute contente de sa bonne action. Mais elle n'a pas fait dix pas qu'elle entend la porte s'ouvrir de nouveau. Il en sort un chat, suivi d'un pied d'homme.

Le chat s'était trompé de porte!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Backward Words
Mum
Anna
Deed
Anana
Minim

Christmas Decorations
Holly, lantern, bells, mistletoe, paper chains, Xmas tree.

CHRISTMAS
O INURE A
WROTE AWL
LATE FLOE
P NOR D
MIST OPEN
ADO TWINE
D AGENT W
EXPRESSES

How to Cure Family

COUGHS & COLDS



More Motherly Advice by NURSE E. CAVENDISH, the Authority on Family Ailments.

MY last article told you how to feed your children in wartime and how to prevent them catching colds. But, however careful you are, kiddies will sometimes pick up coughs and colds, and the only thing to do is to be ready at once to stop them taking hold and developing into something really serious. Remember, this is just the time of year when colds are most dangerous.

That is why every mother ought to keep a specific in the house ready for instant use if her kiddies show the first danger sign. Then she can be confident that she will be able to keep them out of real danger.

MAKE YOUR OWN COUGH MIXTURE

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds, which can easily be made up at home and is ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste, yet it brings better results than anything you've ever tried.

Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parment (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients, and is obtainable at any chemist. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The whole makes a pleasant-tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds, and is particularly good for children. Dosage: adults, 1 tablespoonful; children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful—each four times a day. Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INQUEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts.

Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'